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BOSTON:
A. WILLIAMS & CO.
100 WASHINGTON STREET.
1858.

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Ye Dedication.

Buchanan, James ye Firste! Thou art a Bricke,
A perfecte Bucke! And, Brigham Younge, thou art,
(Soe manie Mormonesses breake thy Hearte,)
Ef not, indeede, a downrighte Lunatick,
A Perfect Bricke-Batt, Bull! And therefore E,
With your benign Permission, would be gladd
To dedicate to You Mormoniad,
An Epic, which, like You, shall never die!
Ye — both of Ye — brave Men, be Perfect Brickes;
And therefore, in this Fane of my beginninge,
E fain would putt You as ye Underpinninge —
Ye Bull of Love! Ye Bucke of Politicks!
Wherefore, O James, a Pension grant for Life!
And, Brigham, thou vouchsafe ye Barde a Wife!

Ye Author.

July 4, 1858.

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CANTO FIRST.

I.

Of Brigham Young, the Mormon King,
And great Buchanan's wrath, I sing;
How first the Impostor rose, and hurled
Predictions round the wondering world,
That all mankind, in time, should be
Partakers of Polygamy;
How he, who would not wed, decreed
The Utah Bull be doomed to bleed,
And — when the Kansas war was done,
  And freemen were no longer slaves —
His legions toward the setting sun
  Drew off, to fill more glorious graves,

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Beyond the Rocky Mountains, in
The land of salt, and sand, and sin;
Or—meet reward for murderous deeds—
Ride back upon their stolen steeds!

II.

When Persecution now, at last,
Had driven, like leaves before the blast,
"The Last Day Saints," a motley crew,
With all their baggage, arms, and shrines,
Children, and cows, and concubines,
Far from Missouri and Nauvoo,
For Women and Religion's sake,
They westward pressed their wanderings thro',
Nor paused they till they built anew,
Upon the very banks of Jordan—
Fit place to love and serve the Lord on—
THE-CITY-OF-THE-GREAT-SALT-LAKE; (1)
And raised a rampart round about,
To keep the ungodly Gentiles out,
And shield alike from foes and sin
The spotless Saints that dwelt therein;

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And builded, to THE GREAT UNKNOWN,
A Temple of stupendous stone,
Magnificent as Solomon's—
A Temple and a Citadel,
Whose threatening cannons, swords, and guns
Defied the very gates of Hell!

III.

And when the fame thereof had reached
From pole to pole, from sea to sea,
Where'er the Mormon Saints had preached
The pleasures of Polygamy,
Full many a convert from afar,
Full many a wistful neophyte,
Beheld, and blessed, the Evening Star,
And, wrapt in visions of delight,
Pursued it, till he found a place
Of perfect freedom to embrace—
A new Religion, and besides,
When "sealed" to him, a thousand brides! (2)

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IV.

And men of every tongue and clime,
Embraced a doctrine so sublime!—
The old man, who had lived, and grown
Disgusted with one wife alone;
The young man, who had never tried
The dear endearments of a bride,
But blindly deemed that he should be
Three times as happy, had he three;
And bald old bachelors, like Paul,
(Who had escaped from every thrall,
In spite of matrimonial traps
By matrons set, and maidens' caps—
In spite of all that floats divine
In bottomless seas of "crinoline,"
Till hope expired) at last, began
To realize the end of man;
Repented of long years of sin,
And, like young "Benedicts," "caved in;"
And, to atone for past neglect
Of woman's rights, swore to protect,

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Hereafter, all who, in distress,
Fled from their single blessedness,
And "*resurrect*" them, when, at last,[3]
This transitory scene is passed,
And Earth shall riddled be with holes
By bodies left to seek their souls!—
All these—and myriads such there be—
Gladly embraced Polygamy.

V.

Nor these alone;—even woman, too,
(Without whose aid Polygamy,
'Tis thought by some, would never be!)
To the great Prophet's banner flew;
The married, and the widow, and
The maiden who was never manned!
The first, to solace thus their grief;
The last, in hopes of some relief,
Relief from apprehension lest
She never, never, should be blessed!
(For by Mormonian laws, 't is said,
Whene'er a Damsel wills to wed,

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And "pops the question" to her Beau,
The Man may never answer "*No!*" (4)
Albeit he have his Harem full,
And every one of them a mother,
Obedient to the Mormon rule,
He must submit, and take another,
Or take the poor man's oath, and be
Degraded for his poverty!)
All these — full of connúbial glee,
Be-Mormonized, infatuated,
And madly bent on being mated —
Gladly embraced Polygamy;
And godly Elders, full of pity,
Received them in the Salt Lake City.

VI.

Thus, like the gourd of Jonah, sprung
A Nation round the Prophet Young.
A Nation trembled at his nod;
A Nation cried, "Behold a God!"
"The Lion of the Lord," he stood, (5)
And all his words and works were good;

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For when the Revelator, Jo,[6]
Ascended to the realms *below*,
His mantle, like Elijah's, flung,
Fell on the back of Brigham Young;
And, like his predecessor, he
Predicted things that were to be,—
Miraculous, like Baalam's ass,—
And things that never came to pass!
Predicted all he willed to do,
And by the aid of fiends and fools,
And swords, and guns, and other tools,
Carried his own predictions through!
His wish was destiny; his word,
A law to all who trembling heard.
Body and soul alike he swayed,
And *death* to him who disobeyed!
"Destroying Angels," swift to kill,[7]
Performed the Prophet's secret will;
And many a Gentile pressed the sod,
Obedient to "the voice of God"!
A temporal King, his sword as well
Reached up to Heaven and down to Hell!

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VII.

And yet the more they feared, the more
They loved him on the Salt Lake shore;
Thus dogs, the more their masters beat,
The fondlier fawn before their feet!
Immediate Inspiration beamed
Upon his countenance, they deemed;
And, when he spoke, persuasion flew,
  Like lightnings from a cloud of thunder
  Above the trembling world thereunder,
And pierced the unbeliever through.
Gigantic men gazed, with affright,
And cowed before the Mormon's might;
While tenderer woman heard, with awe,
The mysteries of the Prophet's law;
And while she gazed, she knew not why,
A glistening tear-drop filled her eye;
Her bosom heaved, as though she felt
A flood of inspiration melt
From Brigham's lips, which o'er her soul,
Like Jordan's billows, seemed to roll!

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And when the holy hymns of Pratt,[8]
Or more celestial songs of Snow,
Rolled round the Temple where she sat,
Delusion could no farther go,
But crowds on crowds, as were revealed
To Brigham, were to Brigham "sealed;"
Until, for want of room, 't is said,
A bevy held each Harem bed!
The beautiful he "sealed" to be
Partakers of his temporal rest;
While suppliants "for Eternity,"
Content to be hereafter blest,
Were "sealed" to be his "spirit" spouses,[9]
And who — the unbelieving say —
Lived happier far with him than they
Who dwelt in his terrestrial houses!

VIII.

Thus, like a second Solomon's,
Extended Brigham's vast domain,
Peopling the cities of the plain
With his innumerable sons, —

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His sons, and myriad daughters, who,
While hardly out of babyhood,
Or ere they evil knew from good,
Began, like Brigham's self, to woo;
Till the great Basin of the Lake
Rang with one endless marriage wake!
A mingled mess, and deemed by us,
In Gentile lands, incestuous! (10)
Uncles with nieces; nay, 't is said,
Even those of nearer consanguinity,
(So strange a thing is their divinity!)
Half-brothers with half-sisters wed!
While godly Elders, in compassion,
Have from the "sealing" altar led,
In all the pomp of pride and fashion,
Together to one nuptial bed,
The wailing widow, and, O shame!
The willing daughters of the same,
And raised therefrom, unknown as yet
Beyond the bounds of Deseret,
A race whose strange relationship
Springs only from a Mormon slip!

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IX.

Thus Brigham reigned supreme, and hurled
Defiance out against the world.
Even Pierce beheld him from afar,
And paled before the Prophet's star.
Nor small the object of his dread;
For to himself he muttering said, —
"A Devil and Polygamist,
A man who may ten thousand wed,
Nor weary of the nuptial bed,
Must be no mean antagonist!"
And thus, with several vain excuses,
He winked at Brigham Young's abuses;
"For while," he feigned, "the Fiend remains,
Fast in his own Salt-Lake Domains,
And lords it *only* over those
Who *let* him lead them by the nose —
What matters it, I ask, to me?
I am for SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY!"

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CANTO SECOND.

I.

But when Buchanan's Reign of might
Began, he raised his threatening fists,
And brandished toward the realms of night,
Above the bold Polygamists;
And thither sent, to keep them right,
An army and a Drummond light.[11]
But, ah! the wily Prophet knew
The heart of Judge, and soldier too.
The Judge empanelled sets of Juries,
Who ruled him, like a pack of furies,
Until he left them, in disgust,
With this one sentence — "*Be ye cust!*"

II.

But soldiers are but men, at most,
And in the arms of Ease and Beauty,

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It matters little where the Post,
Will now and then neglect their duty.
And this the Prophet knew, and gave
Whate'er their carnal appetites —
Parades, and balls, and mystic rites —
In that Mormonian land could crave;
Till many, for the time, became
Polygamists in all — but name!

III.

Nay, some, whose skins were black as night,
Baptized beneath the Salt-sea waves,[12]
Came forth, like dead men from their graves,
In saintly robes of silvery white,
(Whom Gentiles, with ungodly mirth,
Nicknamed "the *salt-saved* of the earth"!)
And in the Tabernacle swore
Forgetfulness of all behind,
And firm allegiance evermore
To Brigham — body, soul, and mind;
And these, with princely gifts, abroad
He sends, Apostles of the Lord.

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The rest, more valiant in his cause,
Go forth in squads to — capture squaws![13]
For thus the "Ten Revolted Tribes,"
Lost of the House of Israel,
Should by Mormonian arms and bribes,
Even as prophetic visions tell,
By "sealing" to the sinless Saints,
Be washed of all their damning taints!
And he, who any squaw seduces,
Will save her soul, and some pappooses!

IV.

Enraged at this, Buchanan swore
To send, at least, ten thousand more,
Who, faithful to his high behest,
Should beat the big Bull of the West!
Buchanan swore, and, with a look
That made the great Potomac quake
And tremble, like a little brook
Beneath a monster water-snake,
His message through the city hurled
To where Columbus holds a world[14]

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Above his head; while close behind,
As though she felt amazing kind,
Crouches, with reverential awe,
A naked, nasty, Indian squaw!

v.

"Haste, Pompey, haste!" quoth Buck, "and
take
This message for — your country's sake!
And mind me, Pomp, or, by the Great
Eternal! I will crack your pate —
If it be possible to crack
A nut that is so hard and black —
Remember every thing you see,
And every word, and every look;
And, nigger, tell it all to me,
That I may note it in my Book," —
He said, and looked stupendous sage —
"My Book of Doom and Patronage!"

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VI.

The Ethiopian bowed, and flew —
Bearing the message in his hat,
As high upon the coach he sat —
Through Pennsylvania Avenue;
Nor paused, in spite of many a crowd
That pressed around him, fierce and loud,
Demanding office, like a pack
Of starved hyenas, of the black! —
On Pompey flew — gave crack on crack,
Ki-yahed and cursed, nor paused until
He reached the Capitolian Hill.

VII.

The Speaker (for he felt the jar
Of great Buchanan's oath afar)
Bounded aloft, and raised on high
His ponderous hammer to the sky! —
Crack on the desk — (a sound of dread
That shuts full many a noisy head,

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Where passion fills the place of brains,
And evil spirits hold the reins,
Until the House is deemed by some
A perfect Pandemonium!) —
Crack on the desk the hammer drops,
And every other crackling stops:
"A Message from the President!
An Army for the Mormon War!"
The Speaker shouted, as he rent
The seals asunder. "Hip! hurrah!"
All hipped, and all hurrahed, except
A few Republicans, who wept,
And by themselves in silence kept;
For well they knew how vain a thing
It is to battle with a king!

VIII.

"Members of Congress," thus began
The Message of the wifeless man,
"'T is time to pause; too long ye play —
From morn to night, from night to day,

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Forgetful of the Eagle's wing —
Ten thousand changes on a string
Of *nigger catgut* — botheration! —
Which stretches, like an incubus
Of one eternal, endless fuss,
From North to South athwart the Nation!
'T is time to pause, and, pausing, cut
Forever this disgusting gut,
That groans above us, in the middle,
And place another on the fiddle!
Admit Lecompton, and the curse
Of curses leaves us in — a hearse!
Admit, I say, Lecompton; and, sirs,[15]
I'll draw my army out of Kansas,
And with it — what is needed most —
Make Mormon Young 'give up the ghost'!
The Rebel, the Polygamist,
Worse than an Abolitionist,
Who dares the Nation to resist;
Drives out our Judges, kills our men,
And drags our daughters to his den!"

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IX.

Here, most with indignation split;
But one there was, (a wicked wit,
Who, while all others cursed and swore,
Would put a funeral in a roar,)
Proposed, "A sage Committee should
Be chosen to investigate —
If any way the matter could
Be ascertained without debate
How many of BUCHANAN'S DAUGHTERS,[16]
And whether they were black or white,
The Mormons had, with arms and might,
Dragged captive to the Salt-Lake waters!"

X.

Whereat a sudden burst of laughter,
That shook the House from floor to rafter,
Rolled over all; but then there came,
Hissing from myriad lips of flame,
A dismal sound — "*For shame! for shame!*"
And one, all furious, from the South,

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Squirted the contents of his mouth,
A stream of black tobacco juice,
Enough to flood a water sluice,
Directly toward the scoffer, who,
As politicians often do,
Adroitly dodged; when, lo! the spit
Passed over, and another hit;
A Bunker-hill man of the North, —
  A man descended from the stock
  That landed first on Plymouth Rock, —
  Who, louder than Demosthenes,
  Or tree-toads on ten thousand trees,
Fired back a perfect shower of froth: —
"I care, sir, not with *what* pretence,
  The member, sir, who on *me* spits,
Spits on my *brave constituents;*
  Men, sir, who gave the British fits
On Concord plains, on Bunker's Hill,
And many a glorious field, where still,
  (I know, for I have laid mine ear
On old New England's bosom till
  Her very heart's throbs I could hear,)

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Where still that patriotic blood,
An undiminished mountain flood,
Leaps through innumerable veins
That will not brook a tyrant's chains—
The blood of heroes, sir,—a host,
Who, breast to breast, will stand by me,
Beneath that banner of the free,
Till victory come!—Or, should we fail,
Each grave would give a glorious ghost;
An army of immortal braves,
Who, like a storm of hurtling hail,
Or like a freeman's threshing flail,
Would beat to dust your dastard slaves!"

XI.

He ended; while the Spitter rose,
And, weightier far than argument,
Directly through the Chamber went,
And pulled the Frothy member's nose.
"Coward!" he said; "degenerate slave!
Be *this* the answer of the brave!

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Words are but wind — and wind is gas!
And you, sir, you, sir, are an ass! —
I have no pistol here, you *nigger!*
And so I'll make your *nose*, a *trigger!*"

XII.

He said, and like an Everett,
Demosthenes, or Cicero,
His action to the word he set,
And struck a most tremendous blow!
He struck, when, lo! a stream of gore
Besprinkled all the Chamber floor;
Ev'n as a hen, that's lost her head,
Bounds up, before she knows she's dead,
Bespattering, as she flaps around,
Alike her murderer and the ground! —
"*Take that! and if you wish for more,*
Another field shall drink your gore!"

XIII.

He ended; and "the Chivalry"
Responded with a — "three times three!"

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He ended, and the fallen rose,
Shouting — still bleeding at the nose; —
"My Grandsire fought on Bunker's Hill,
And nobly, bravely, dared to die, sir,
Pouring his life-blood, like a rill,
In Freedom's sacred cause! — and *I, sir,*
Will meet you, when, and where, you will!
And bravest he, who first shall kill!"

XIV.

He said; when, lo! a sudden trembling,
Beyond the reach of all dissembling,
Seized on the Spitter, who, at last,
Repented of the furious past,
And deemed himself a deal *too fast!*
(For men be "*fastest,*" when they're "*tight,*"
And *emptiest,* when they're *full* of fight!)
Nay, some compunction seized, 't is said,
The Bunker-Hill man, who had led
But lately to the nuptial bed
The loveliest of her race — *to whom* —
Alas! how frightful was the tomb!

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Already did he feel the worm,
That feeds on death, around him squirm!
Already, ere he bade farewell
To Earth, he saw the flames of Hell,
Around him, like a murderer, rise,
Blotting "that banner" from the skies,
"That banner," by whose waves he swore,
Perpetual vengeance just before!—
But fearful both of backing down,
They started off, and left the town.
One Northward, like a fugitive, flew,
And one as swiftly South withdrew,
Till, several thousand miles asunder,[17]
The pistols of the two began—
Or so, at least, the story ran—
To blaze away, like bolts of thunder!
But whether either fell, or hit,
Nobody knew, nor cared a bit!
We have *so many* patriots,
That when *one* takes his final sleep,
And in his country's bosom rots,
Why should the living mourn and weep?

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Around his tomb-stone, ere the spring
Plants violets o'er the slumberer's head,
Or ere the earliest blue-birds sing,
Behold! all armed to serve instead
Of him, the ever-glorious dead,
Like cherubs with an eagle's wings,
A brood of patriots ever clings—
Prepared like him—prepared to save
The Union from the Union's grave!

XV.

Meantime the battle raged within
The lofty Capitol, like sin.
Full many a gun was fired to kill;
Full many a gun to Buncomville!
Pointed alike to North and South,
The Thunderers of the Nation hurled
Defiance forth from mouth to mouth,
That shook, they deemed, the wondering world!
The musket and the blunderbuss
Alike commingle in the "fuss."

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The great man aims his cannon high,
And nobly lets his victim die!
While he, who can't be truly great,
For want of something in the mind,
With bloodier bludgeon, from behind,
Creeps boldly up and cracks a pate!
When, lo!—and what is next to glorious—
The little man becomes notorious!
The lightning speeds a nameless name
All round the realms of Uncle Sam,
In many a tattling telegram,
As swift and transient as his fame!

XVI.

And still the battle raged, and night
Descended on the thickening fight;
Nor paused they then, but bravely swore
The contest never to give o'er—
The one, till Kansas should be free,
The other, doomed to slavery;
And sooner should the Union split,
Than either one would budge a bit!

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Each, like persistent bull-dogs, stuck,
And hauled and pulled and twitched and tore,
With most incomparable pluck,
To land each other on the floor;
Till midnight came, and found them still
Battling upon that glorious hill.
But bull-dogs will not always bite,
Nor Congressmen forever fight;
And one by one, the weary sink,
Exhausted, on their downy seats;
While many more "pair off" to — drink —
The Union's health in friendly treats!

XVII.

Now all, but one, were hushed in sleep;
But one, who still to Buncom roared,
While all around his listeners snored,
Curled up in many a drowsy heap.
When suddenly a member rose
(The gallery round him seemed to float,
Mingling together friends and foes)
And grabbed the roarer by the throat.

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"Go home! you Black Republican Pup!"[18]
He growled, "or gods! I'll eat you up!"—
"You'll eat me up?—I'll put you down!"
The roarer answered, with a frown,
And knocked the grabber, on the head,
Floorward "about a feet," 't is said!
And now confusion filled the Hall,
And louder, deadlier, than before,
The battle raged; while great and small
Sprawled, heaps on heaps, upon the floor!
A living monument of what,
'T is feared, will never be forgot!
A living monument, as high
As bull-frogs leap above the sky!

XVIII.

Suspended thus the conflict hung,
Two thousand miles from Brigham Young,
Whose great Apostle, Bernishel,
Gazed on the fight, and loved it well.
"Fight on," he said, "ye Gentile fools!
For while ye fight, the Prophet rules!

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Fight on, fight on! the more ye kill,
The more ye do the Prophet's will.
Fight on, till all your *men* be dead,
And Mormon saints your *widows* wed!
Fight on, fight on, Magog and Gog,
And split the Union, like a log!
For *then* the kingdom of the Sun
Of Righteousness shall be begun!
And, like a pole-star, never set
The Diadem of Deseret!
No bald old Bachelor shall rise,
In wrath, to pluck it from the skies!
And ages yet unborn shall be
The Vassals of Polygamy!
The Lord shall reign, while Satan raves,
And Gentiles be the Mormons' slaves —
Till Buck himself (if so it suits
The Prophet) black the Prophet's boots!"[19]
Thus to himself the Apostle sung,
Half audibly, of Brigham Young.

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CANTO THIRD.

I.

"Well, Pompey," quoth the President,
When now the night was nearly spent,
And Pompey home had frighted fled,
Supposing all the members dead,
"How of the Message? — did it take?"
"Ki-yah! it did — an no mistake!
It make dem talk so berry big!
But dat ar Douglas am a pig!
He say, de President knowd better,
Ole fool, dan writ dat Kansas letter!
He say, Lemcomptum am a fraud,
An not de doins ob de Lord!
He say, Missouri gemmens' vote
Put down de white nigs dar, he know't;
An dat Buchanan's army made
De ballot-boxes all afraid.

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I spects dat lubly wife ob hissen
Hab make dat gemman los his reasin!
I spects she tol him ter gwin try
Ter take dis 'White House' by-an-by.
An, massar, dey *did* bawl an bite,
Like bedbug debils, all de night!
I spects one gemman, ob de Souf,
Gwin split dis Union wid his mouf,
Jes like dis nigger splits a cracker;
Ki-yah! and pitch dat dirty pack
Ob Abolishners in de crack,
Like I pitch in dis ere terbacker!"
("Three cheers for Pompey! Hip! hooray!
Here, Pomp,'s a 'levy' for your pay.")
"I spects dem Norfners gwin ter bring
Dar Blubber Hill down here dis spring,
An, wid him, Pillmouf Rock, ter be
De berry grabestone ob de free!
An so I lef dem on de floor,
An reck'n dey'll nebber riz no more!"

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II.

"Amen!" quoth Buck. "But pause a bit;
The Utah Army — what of it?" —
"Ki-yah!" cries Pompey, with a grin,
"I spects dat army can't come in![20]
One say, 'Admit Lemcomptum fust;'
An one say, 'Be Lemcomptum cust!'
One say dat Massar Young 's a 'Squatter,'
An dat Buchanan hab no right
Ter send de sogers dar ter fight,
An make him do, sar, what he orter.
One say, Bulligamy 's a bore;
An one quote Solomum, ob yore,
Who hab so many ob *de sex*
As Brudder Brighum, I expects!" —
"Curse them! I'd like to wring their necks!"
Quoth Buck. "I've been resisted by
Polygamists, and — *they shall die!*
If no one else will go, I will,
And every devilish Mormon kill!

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And, Pompey, you, my boy, shall be
The Captain of a Company,
My Body Guards; and they, who vote
For, and *against*, I ween, shall know 't.
The first shall feed on friendly 'pap;'
The last shall lose their heads — mayhap! —
Now, Pompey, go; and, till I ring,
The song of 'HAIL COLUMBIA' sing;
And put in every variation
Adapted to th' Administration!

Song.

Majestic land of wonders,
Whose peasants all are kings;
Whose prairies stretch like oceans,
Whose forests spread like wings;
Where men of every nation,
The wisest and the best,
In freedom drive their niggers —
North, South, and East and West!

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Land of stupendous rivers,
That roll to either sea,
Far from celestial fountains,
Their tribute to the Free;
Where every body always
Looks out for number one,
And digs for dimes and dollars,
From morn till set of sun!

Thy matin roll th' Atlantic
Beats loud from Gulf to Lakes;
Thy vesper hymn, like thunder,
The great Pacific shakes;
While Mexico and Cuba,
Impatient to be blest,
Lie fondly, as a maiden,
On Uncle Samuel's breast!

III.

Thus, to his listening lackey Buck
Gave out the hymn; but Pompey struck

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A loftier key, when this was sung;
And thus the echoing "White House" rung:—
"O, what a glorious ting 't will be,
When ebery body am a nigger!
Ki-yah! an work darsels, like me,
Nor feel a single morsel bigger.
Ki-yah! de time will come, I spects,
If Buck continner ter annex!"

IV.

Meanwhile the wifeless President
Up to his lonely chamber went;
Placed on his crown a costly cap,
(An Ethiopian Queen, 't is said,
Prepared it for the President's head,)
And laid him down to take a nap;
While gently round a faithful band
Of bondmen waved, in either hand,
An eagle pinion to and fro,
To guard alike from flies and bugs,
And office-seekers' awful "mugs,"
The slumbering Potentate below.

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V.

Thus while he slept, Buchanan dreamed,
An Angel from the realms above
Descended to him, like a dove —
An angel whose celestial looks
Were more of Washington than Brooks —
And o'er him, like a comet, gleamed.
"Buchanan!" cried the Heavenly Sage;
"'T is time, this endless agitation
About the black men of the nation —
Which Satan driveth, like a wedge,
Betwixt the North and South, to split
The Union just above the Pit —
Should cease. — I see the flames of Hell
Rise from the rent, and round thee swell!
Buchanan, pause! No longer drive
Lecompton down Topeka's throat!
Old man, be wise — and cease to dote!
She will not swallow blacks alive! —
Be wise, before it be too late,
And Sodom's be the Union's fate!"

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VI.

The Angel paused. Buchanan shook
Beneath the terrors of his look,
And would have shouted for his Guard,
But found the gates of utterance barred.
"Poor man!" at last the Phantom said,
And laid its hand upon his head —
That mailed, immortal hand that freed
A Nation in her time of need; —
"Poor man, 'REPENT!' — a Nation cries;
The groans of millions round thee rise, —
'REPENT!' Though late, at last, repent,
And be a decent President!
Keep the *whole* Country in your heart,
Nor be the *toady* of a *part!*
Respect what is, and is to be; —
GOD WILLS THAT ALL MEN SHALL BE FREE!"

VII.

"But, O!" and here the Phantom raised
His radiant sword that westward blazed;

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"Wipe from the records of the Nation
Polygamy's Abomination!
O, wipe it out, and be the name
Thereof forgotten!—'*Shame! O! shame!*'"
Buchanan started, for he heard
Two voices mingling in the word!—
He gazed, in terror, till the cold
Blood curdled up,—for there, behold!
Like Martha Washington, of old,
The Mother of her Country, stands,
Grasping the bed-posts in her hands,
A ghost! "Fear not!" the Phantom smiled;
"She is as harmless as a child;
She is my wife, who comes with me,
To set thy Mormon maidens free!
She shall attend thee, day and night!—
Arise! and arm thee for the fight!"
He said; while Martha smiling bent
Above the slumbering President,
And sweetly fondling fain had kissed him—
Had he not shaken so—she missed him!

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For he had been, through all his life,
Too modest to receive a wife!
And when he felt a female mouth,
And not a negro's of the South,
Approaching his, no wonder he
Should, like an anti-Mormon, flee!

VIII.

"Ki-yah!" a thousand voices broke
Around the sleeper, and he — woke.
He woke, and with an oath decreed
That Young, with all his wives, should bleed!
"To arms!" he cries; "I'd sooner fight
Ten thousand *men*, than singly meet
Another *Vision* half so sweet,
As that that startled me to-night!"

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CANTO FOURTH.

I.

When Rebel Kansas, now, at length,
Had yielded to the President's strength;
And promises of Patronage —
  Post Offices and Consulates,
  Contracts for Building, Stores, and Freights,
Had hushed the Opposition's rage;
(For Politicians only know,
  And Presidents supremely wise,
  How high the *golden* eagle flies
Above the *feathered* one below,
While the "star-spangled banner" waves,
  All glorious in the azure skies,
  Beyond the reach of mortal eyes,
In freedom, o'er a land of slaves!)
Buchanan shouted, "Hip! hooray!
Now, soldiers, for a nobler fray!

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Your arms have bravely won the fight,
And ballot-boxes need no more
Protection from your cannons' roar.
The day is ours! Behold! the night,"
He said, and pointed to the West,
"Shall shortly give the Conquerors rest!
Remember, too, through all your toils,
Remember, O! remember this—
And may your bullets never miss!—
The Victors always share the spoils!"

II.

Thus to his faithful Body Guard,
Who thronged around him in the yard,
Buchanan spoke. The faithful few
Still closer to his coat-tail drew,
And shouted, till the welkin rung;—
"Yah! Massar, down wid Brigham Young!
We'll foller Massar to de West,
An rib dis Union of dat Pest!
We'll kill de *men*, or paint dem black,
An gib de *white galls* dar a smack!

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Utah shall be one big plantation,
Fur all de *white nigs* ob de Nation!"

III.

The General-in-Chief of all
The Forces of the United States,
Who stand obedient to his call,
Smiled sweetly on his woolly pates;
But, ere he started, deemed it best
To call a Council of the rest,
Subalterns in the glorious cause
Of carrying out the country's laws;
The Hero of Chapultepec,
Whose honor never brooked a speck;
Great Woolly of the South; brave Twigger,
The Eagle of the North; Doughface,
And more, who wield the martial mace,
Apply the torch, and pull the trigger,
Until our Country's deadliest foes
Fly from them, bleeding — at the nose!

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IV.

And now the great Reception Hall,
Long ere the blazing sun had set,
'T is said, could scarcely hold them all,
And crowded out the Cabinet,
(A curious case, contrived with skill,
Wherein the President keeps his will.)
"Soldiers!" the Chief began; "Ye Braves!
Who slew the Kansas Rebels, and
Subjected them to my command,
Hurling them to inglorious graves!
Immortal Champions! heroes! we
Must now put down Polygamy!
I am the President — but still
Would gladly know my Generals' will.
Speak boldly forth, without a fear;
The listening Nation lends an ear!"
He ended most sublimely bland,
And earward raised his own right hand.

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V.

Thereat the noblest of them all,
A whale amid the smaller fry,
Arose and gave this brief reply:—
"If, sirs, Polygamy must fall,
First make the law, and *make it crime,*
To wed two women at a time,
And *then,* by all the powers of Hell,
I'll make the Nation's cannon tell
To Brigham Young a doleful story,
And blow him with his harem hosts;
A dastard band of gibbering ghosts,
Howling, hot haste, to Purgatory!"

VI.

"I doubt it not; thou hast the pluck
To do the thing," responded Buck;
"But, glorious sir, it is, I take it,
For *us* to *execute* the law,
And *Congressmen,* alone, to *make* it;
They are the *tongue,* we are the *claw*"—

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"The *claw*, the *beak*, the Eagle's *wing!*"
Burst in brave Woolly, with a swing
Of his all-slaughtering sword on high,
Whose gleam would make a legion fly;
"Without the arm to execute,
The tongue as well might aye be mute!
Or must we, warriors, lingering wait
Until interminable tongues
Find time, at length, to legislate?
No, sirs!—I am for swords and guns!
Let Buncoms bawl to Buncom! We
Will dash above them, like a sea
Tempestuous on the trembling shore!
Be ours to drown them by the roar
Of cannon and the deafening din
Of martial music!—Rest is sin!—
Besides, sirs, know ye not that we
Be all for 'SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY?'
Make *laws* for Mormonism? No!
When we might crush it with a *blow*,
'T were more than madness, and would be
A precedent for Slavery,

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That glorious Institution"—"Stop!"
Cries Buck; "Brave Woolly, please to drop
The subject!—SLAVERY, whilst I
Am President, shall never die!
I'll see to *that!* and hereby swear
To, by this Presidential Chair,
Which, if in word or deed I fail,
Shall cease to hold my great coat-tail,
A moment longer! But, to-night,
The question is, sir, *how to fight!*"

VII.

"I have it, sirs!" shouts General Twigger;
"And curse the man who names a '*nigger!*'
My plan, sirs, is, to simply make
A RAILROAD TO THE GREAT SALT LAKE,
Transport our legions thither"—"Fool!"
Cries Woolly; "How, I ask, are you
To blow the Rocky Mountains through?"
"Impetuous Woolly! please, be cool,"
Responded Twigger. "There *is* a Tool—
(I know the inventor, sirs, my friend—

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A genius, sirs, one of the few,
The immortal men who put it through,
Whene'er they have a thing to do,
Who would, no doubt, be pleased to lend,
And for a moderate compensation,
His PATENT BORER to the Nation;)—
A Tool, sirs, which will bore a hole,
In half a day, from pole to pole!"

VIII.

"Never!" cries Woolly, with a bound;
"These devilish Railroads, 'under ground,'
Will prove ere long the ruination
Of one great section of the Nation!
Besides, too, if the General wishes,
When Uncle Sam shall foot the bill,
To share, withal, 'the loaves and fishes,'—
I have a plan, sirs, *deadlier* still!
My plan, sirs, is, to build BALLOONS,
By which, sirs, in a single night,
To scale the Rocky Mountains' height,
And down, sirs, like a flock of loons,

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On Brigham Young and all his wives,
And, ere they know it, take their lives!
Or take them captive through the skies,
From Utah up to Paradise,
(I mean the *women*, sirs, and *not*
The *men* — whom rank corruption *rot!*)
Till every soldier's tent shall bless
A new-made widow Mormoness!"

IX.

"Hurrah! Hurrah for Woolly!" cried
The President; "It shall be tried!
And Woolly shall be first to rise
Therein, in glory, to the skies!"
Whereat there rose a deafening roar,
That shook the world — if nothing more,
And glorious Twigger gained the floor; —
"Thank God! I am not of the class
Who manufacture *only gas!* —
If, sirs, BALLOONS ——" But here loud groans
And hisses drowned the warrior's tones;

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And Pompey *yahed* so loud that Twigger —
Forgetful of the land that gave
Him birth, and bade him love the slave —
In anger, kicked the cowering "nigger,"
Who laughed, (his master taught him so,)
Still louder laughed, at every blow,
While Buck, and all about him, shook
With merriment at Pompey's look.

X.

Now General Doughface smiling raised
His two-edged sword, that brightly blazed
In all directions, save above,
And softly whispered — "God is love!
Pause, Woolly! Twigger, pause! nor spend
Your strength in words without an end!
Ye both are brave, and would, no doubt —
Wherein ye do resemble me —
Be pleased to help a brother out
Of Uncle Samuel's Treasury!
For what, I ask, was Government made,
If not for *Governors to be paid?*

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Why is it taxed, if not to give
Its Officers a chance to live?—
I am for *both*, the BORER, and
The great BALLOONIST, of the Land;
I'll vote for both, *provided* you
Will put *my friend's* NEW RIFLE through;
A wonderful invention, which
Holds sixty charges in its breech,
And sixty times a second throws
Death pills upon our country's foes!—
You go for me—I'll go for you,
And put the three inventions through,
The BORER, the BALLOON, the RIFLE,
And make, withal, ourselves, a *trifle!*"

XI.

Here Pompey, with a horrid grin,
Ushers a crowd of strangers in.
"Dese gemmen, Massar," shouts the black,
"Hab come ter make de Railroad track.
An dese, sar, makes bagloons and gas,
Ter cross de Rocky Mountain Pass.

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An dese, sar, makes de gun dat trows
Def pills upon de Country's foes.
An here's a gemman wid a ting,
He say, ter *grease* de Eagle's wing,
An sich like tings, dat sabes, he say,
A million dollars ebery day.
An dese, sar, wid de cocked-up hats,
Am volumteers ob Irish Pats!
I tell dem ter '*be off*,' but dey,
De raggy-muffins, won't obey;
De more I tell, de more dey say,—
We'z come ter shoot de gun an cannon,
For sure, we voted for Buchanan!
An here," continued Pompey, "sar,
Am tuns ob dogterments ob war.
I spects dey's office-seekers' prayers."—
"Then kick them, Pompey, down the stairs!"
Shouts Buck. "And you, brave men, depart;
And Pomp shall teach you Mars's art."
The crowd obeyed, and Pompey led
Them forth, to eat, to drink — to bed.

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XII.

Meanwhile the immortal Generals, each
With an interminable speech,
Contended, till the glorious sun
Had half his hidden journey run.
Now this, now that, prevails; now all
Commingle in the martial brawl.
When, lo! at length, to end the fight,
Buchanan deemed — or wrong or right —
The *better* way, to get them "*tight!*"
And all partook, or so they say,
And parted, swearing — to obey
Buchanan till the Judgment Day;
While Pompey, with his faithful band,
Supported those who could not stand,
And bore them on their woolly pates,
In silence, through the White House gates!

XIII.

Next morn, ere dawn, with plethoric heads,
(For spirits, entering late at night,

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Will seldom leave till broad daylight,)
The Generals roused them from their beds;
And each — for thus the order ran —
Prepared a hasty plate of soup,
Mounted his charger, in the van,
Each of his own immortal troop,
And led them forth, in long review,
Through Pennsylvania Avenue;
While maddening music pealed aloud;
And boisterous boys, a bellowing crowd,
Of every hue from black to white,
On tiptoe to behold the sight,
Thick as molasses, poured around
The warriors to the Martial Ground —
A princely Park, with walks, and trees,
And grassy beds, and grand settees,
Where Congressmen may take their ease,
And, while their wives are far away,
With lovelier angels nightly stray!
A princely Park, a mile, or more,
Behind the President's — back door.

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XIV.

And when the troops are all therein,
And all the rabble routed thence,
With many a kick, and growl, and grin,
The other side the iron fence;
While deafening music fills the air,
The Generals form a hollow square,
And (where, bestride his rearing stallion,
Old Hickory Jackson towers on high,[21]
Swinging — before some brave battalion
Prepared, like him, to do or die —
His old cockade) ground arms, and wait
The opening of Buchanan's gate.

XV.

"Make way for Massar!" Pompey cries;
"Make way!" the noisy crowd replies;
When, lo! upon his warrior-steed,
Whom two big Ethiopians lead,
Rides in the martial President,
And halts beside the Monument.

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The Ethiopians, right and left,
Lift up the steed, a monstrous heft,
And hold him, rearingly, the while
Buchanan, with propitious smile,
Harangues his listening warriors thus:—
"Soldiers, attend! The Kansas Fuss,
Thank God, is well-nigh ended. All
That Chivalry could do to save
The Administration from a fall,
The Union from a servile grave,
Ye have achieved. Or slave, or free,
Now rests on 'Squatter Sovereignty.'
And let it rest!—I'm really sick
Of carrying such a crooked stick.
Thank God, another field for fight,
Whereon to show your martial might,
Awaits you in the glorious West!
My Generals, here, will know the rest.
And now, brave men, depart. Adieu!
Ye go to put the Mormons through!"

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XVI.

He ended, while a cannon, which
Stood pointed to his horse's breech,
Blazed forth a stream of deafening thunder,
And blew the Ethiop props from under!
Whereat the frighted steed, instanter,
Fled for the White House, on the canter.
"Come on, my braves!" Buchanan shouted;
"Even thus the Mormons shall be routed!"

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CANTO FIFTH.

I.

THUS, while the invading Hosts of Buck
Fly forward for the fields of blood;
Now thundering on the railroad truck;
Now steaming up Missouri's flood;
Now wallowing through Nebraska muck;
Now battling wolves and buffaloes,
And now still craftier Indian foes —
The Crows, Cheyennes, Sioux, and Shawnees,
The Potawatomies and Pawnees,
Who, like their glorious fathers, still
Know how to steal, as well as kill,
And in the silent hours of night,
Like devils, round the encampment stalk,
With scalping knife and tomahawk,
Filling, with phantoms of affright,

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Both beasts and men, — stampeding those,
And hurtling these still deadlier blows;
Now chasing over the billowy slopes
Fat prairie chicks and antelopes;
Now fording "pitch holes" deep and wide,
And now full many a foaming tide;
Now levering ox teams up the steep
  Interminable hills, and then
Down tumbling, a commingled heap
  Of broken chariots, beasts and men;
Now vainly shouting, "Ho! back! ho!"
Now pommelling mules that will not go;
Now cursing, through the livelong night,
The owls' hoot and mosquitos' bite;
Now gazing, with a strange delight,
Upon the distant mountain's height;
Or now, with still more wild surprise,
On weird refractions, in the skies,
Of phantom herds of buffaloes,
Chased by aërial Indian foes, —
Of straggling Caravans that press
Their wanderings through the wilderness,

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Marking their pathway to the West
With grave-mounds of the earlier blest;
Now rumbling through the rock-bound flat
That chains therein the tumbling Platte;
Now passing, with their frighted flocks,
The "Court House" and the "Chimney" Rocks,[22]
Gigantic structures rolled on high
By Him who reigns above the sky,—
Wherefrom, may be, the Godhead may
Thunder upon the Judgment Day!
Now worrying on their ponderous wains
Over barren wastes, and ghostly plains
Of saleratus, (which would raise,[23]
From this day to the end of days,
Sufficient dough, 't is thought, to feed
More than the Universe will need!)
Herbless and waterless, until
  Horses and mules and cattle could
  No longer travel if they would;
And butchers, when they thought to kill
Some skeleton of an ox, 't is said,
To know if he were live, or dead,

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Would lift him up by might and main,[24]
That they might knock him down again!
When every drop of blood, that fell,
Would for a golden eagle sell! —
Thirsting and starving thus they came
To "Independence Rock," whereon[25]
Each patriot warrior hewed his name,
And raised three cheers for Washington;
And on Sweet-Water River's banks
Gave to the God of Battles thanks,
And banqueted, till beasts and men,
At last, grew fat and fierce again.
Now, far behind, the Black Hills rise;
Before, the Windy Mountains rear
Their snow-capt barriers to the skies;
While closer by — foreshadowing fate
For fearless men — "The Devil's Gate,"[26]
(Through which all travellers here below,
To reach "the Holy City" go!)
Stands open, night and day, and makes
A Stygian passway, as 't is said,
For spirits of the ungodly dead,

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Beneath the "Mount of Rattlesnakes!"
And now, like thunder clouds, behold,
The Rocky Mountains lift their bold,
Majestic shoulders, wrapt in snow,
Threatening the subject world below;
And onward, upward, endlessly,
The lumbering baggage-wagons rise,
Like vessels on some boisterous sea,
Until they reach the cloudy skies,
The birthplace of ten thousand fountains,
Where, through "The Gate-way of the Mountains" —[27]
Through which the great "Pathfinder" passed,
And wrote upon its posts a name
Sacred to Freedom and to Fame —
Buchanan's army rolled, at last,
And bivouacked in the vale below,
For months, embalmed in drifts of snow!

II.

Thus while Fort Bridger and the snows
Securely hold the hosts of Buck,

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Brigham prepares to treat his foes
To brimstone, balls, and Mormon pluck,
Ere spring, a feast, he wisely guessed,
Full hard for Gentiles to digest.
Not formed exactly of the stuff,
To whine — *Peccavi!* — hold! — enough!
Nor flee from hostile hosts, until
Their guns were near enough to kill —
He swore by all that Mormons swear,
By Heaven and Hell and all betwixt,
That every soldier's entering there,
And even old Buchanan's hide
Should by his bayonets be transfixed,
And, blacker than an Ethiop's dyed,
To banjo drum-heads be applied,
Whereon the Mormon Saints should drum,
Until the great Millennium, —
Which, if the Prophet's faith be right,
May reach them any day or night.[28]

III.

And now, (for well the Prophet knew,
How mighty is the poet's pen

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To rouse the slumbering souls of men
To fearless fight, or fondly woo,)
The Poets of the Salt Lake City
He calls to make a martial ditty;—
But chiefly Snow, the Poetess,
The darling of his Harem; Snow,
And Pratt, who could in tongues unknown,
Except to him and her alone,
The prophecies of Young express,
In one interminable flow
Of most melodious warblings, such
As only bluebirds ever touch—
The natural gushings of a heart
By inspiration cleft apart,
Even as a blast of powder splits
A mountain bowlder into bits!

IV.

"Be thine, O Pratt," he said, "to rouse
The *matrons* of each Mormon house,
To deeds of valor, that shall shame
The homelier husbands of the same!

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Make broomsticks into battering rams,
And lionesses out of lambs!
Till every she, to Brigham Young,
Shall count a host, in all — but tongue —
Which, Pratt, pull out, or bid it wave
Only above a Gentile's grave! —
And every petticoat shall be
A tent for Mormon soldiery!
And one, in every passage way,
And mountain gorge that leads to us,
Shall hover, like an incubus,
And keep the hosts of Buck at bay;
Or take them in, as Judith did,
Or throttle them, like Captain Kidd!
Do this — and thou canst do it, Pratt —
And unto thee, *it is revealed,*
This night, *a Damsel shall be 'sealed;'*
To-morrow morn — *a brand-new hat!*"

V.

He said, and low the poet bowed,
And, muttering to himself aloud

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(As poets do in other climes,
When no one else will hear their rhymes)
Mysterious words, unknown to men,
Flew from the presence of his king,
And, like a seraph, seized the pen,
Inspired, like David's harp, to sing;
And long before the dawn of day —
So swift he poured his roundelay —
Wrote all the Prophet had revealed,
And *was* unto the damsel "sealed;"
And when he walked the streets, 't is said,
A brand-new hat was on his head!

VI.

"Be thine, Eliza, thine, my dear,"
The Prophet sighed, when all, but her,
His Concubine Interpreter,
Had left their Harem Lord with fear,
And each one to her lonely bed,
With envious, aching heart, had fled;
"Be thine, Eliza, thine to rouse
The *men* in every Mormon house;

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Inspire their souls with love divine,
Such love as fills my soul for thine,"
(And here the Prophet gave a kiss,)
"Predicting that celestial bliss,
As rapturous, my love, as this,
Shall be their portion here below,
By slaughtering every Gentile foe!
And when their arms have won the day,
And all victorious from the fight
The conquerors come — even thus shall pay
Such loveliness as thine, to-night! —
Do this, my darling, and if I
Should make a journey, by and by,
Leaving all others desolate,
Eliza shall not want a mate! —
I will, at least, provide for thee
A temporary substitute!" (29)
The Prophet said, and smiled; and she
Gazed on him lovingly but mute,
Hanging upon his neck, as though
She would not wish a younger beau;

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But in her heart of hearts she sighed,
O that I were an only bride!

VII.

And yet, to be the *Prophet's* own,
Though of ten thousand *only one*,
To share with him a temporal throne,
And be, with all this exaltation—
And who but loves a lofty station?—
Sure of her very soul's salvation;
(For man by *marrying* only can,[30]
And by mysterious Mormon rites,
Lift woman to celestial heights,
And free her from the ALMIGHTY'S ban
For having caused the Fall of Man,
While both were innocent, and she
Would taste of "that forbidden tree,"
And, finding that it tasted good,
Because it was forbidden food,
Unto her hen-pecked husband gave,
And bade him take, bite after bite,
Until he grew so wild and "tight,"—

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For Commentators all agree,
It was a *cider-apple* Tree—
That Adam *fell*—a perfect slave
Alike to Eve and Lucifer!—
So very natural 't is to err,
When any He beholds a Her!)
And to be "sealed" a Mormon's wife,
To one who can't apostatize,[31]
(Hence Priests and Elders are a prize)
Ensures the "sealed" celestial life;—
Or so, at least, the Prophet taught,
And so, in sooth, Eliza thought;
And gazing in his clear, blue eye,
Her bosom heaved, and, with a sigh,
The murmurings of an unknown tongue[32]
Fell from her lips, and Brigham Young
Interpreted the words she sung:—

VIII.

"*E-lì, e-lè, e-lò, e-là*"—
How beauty—eauty—ful you are!

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"*Re-lì, re-lè, re-là, re-lò*" —
My darling, how I love you, O!
"*Se-là, se-lò, se-lè, se-lùm*" —
The Judgment Day will shortly come!
"*Se-rùm, se-rà, se-rò, se-rì*" —
The Saints alone shall mount the sky!
"*Va-vì, va-và, va-vùm, va-vò*" —
The Gentiles all shall sink below!
"*Ge-gè, ge-gò, ge-gà, ge-gùm*" —
The Mormon kingdom then shall come!
"*Po-pò, po-pà, po-pùm, po-pè*" —
The Heaven of Polygamy!

IX.

And many more the Poetess,
Which Brigham Young could hardly guess;
For in his youth he had not read
The living languages, or dead;
But Inspiration told him what
The Prophet comprehended not.
"The Wisdom of the World" was naught
To him, compared with heavenly thought.

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Mankind he knew, and woman's heart,
Nor cared to ken another art.
But when Eliza sang, he fain
Had had a more scholastic brain.
And ever, when with him alone,
For well she knew what he preferred,
She warbled in a tongue unknown,
Exactly like a little bird!
The glances of her glorious eye,
The varying nature of her sigh,
Her bosom heaving, low, or high,
To him were true interpreters;
Or, if in doubt, he simply sealed
His own prophetic lips to hers—
When, lo! the mystery was revealed,
For Silence only never errs!

X.

Now darkness, like a blanket cast,
Stretched from th' encircling mountain heights,
Hiding from Heaven unseemly sights,
Above the Utah Basin vast,

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Wherein an Ocean raged, of old,
And round its rocky ramparts rolled,
Dashing its spray above the skies
Into the very angels' eyes,
Until the Mountain barriers split,[33]
And waved the waters out of it!
And in that darkness deeds of shame
Were done, too damnable to name;
Deeds Sodom and Gomorrah knew
Not till the avenging brimstone fell,
And the abominators blew
From Earth to more congenial Hell!
For when Religion lends to Lust
Her benediction, then, alas!
How soon will human heaps of dust
Grow green with crops of grossest grass,
Fit only to be mown and cast
Perditionward — to burn, at last!

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CANTO SIXTH.

I.

Now, when the morning dawned, at length,
"The Lion of the Lord" arose,
In all the beauty of his strength,
Embraced his bride, and blew — his nose!
Whereat from every chamber sprung
The Concubines of Brigham Young,[34]
And each one hastening stood before
The envied Poetess's door,
That, when *He* came, she might not miss
The offering of his morning kiss;
For night and morn, or so they say,
The Prophet ranged his wives around,
Like saints upon Communion Day,
In adoration most profound,
And, one by one, — the great, the small —
The old, the young — the short, the tall —

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The beautiful, the ugly — all,
Impartial as the sun, he kissed,
And not a single matron missed! —
O woman! what a *thing* thou art!
For can it be thou hast a *soul*,
Contented only with a part,
When thou canst not receive the whole?
God "breathed" in *man* "the breath of life,"
"And *man* became a living *soul!*"
But when He formed his wonderful *Wife*,
A *soulless* "*rib*" supplied the whole! —
He kissed them all, or all except
The one with whom he last had slept,
And left them then, like dogs and cats,
To fight, and feed their bawling brats,
Of whom a thousand, more or less,
The holy Prophet's household bless.

II.

The morning dawns, at length, and spreads
Its radiance on the mountain heads,

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The mountain heads, that towering stand,
Gigantic guardians of the Land;
The mountain heads, forever white
With thick, perennial locks of snow,
Weeping forever, day and night,
Big tears that, glistening in the light,
Water the thirsty plains below —
Ev'n as the Saviour stood and wept
Above Jerusalem, while she slept.
And now, behold! the Shades of night,
Like guilty ghosts, in wild affright,
Far through the portals of the West,
Beyond the Madre Mountains pour,
And on the great Pacific shore,
Exhausted, sink, at last, to rest.
And now, in all their glory, break
The sunbeams on the Great Salt Lake,
And every lifeless wave therein
Glows like a wave of molten tin,
Until, dashed on that ghastly shore,
A solid sheet, it waves no more!

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While every painted "bench" and cliff [35]
Gleams gloriously above, as if
A rainbow, broken from the skies,
Had wrecked thereon its heavenly dyes!

III.

The Prophet rose inspired, withal,
With utterances almost divine,
Prophetic of Buchanan's fall;
And with him rose his concubine,
His own Seraglio muse, whose words
Were like the warblings of the birds,
And from her inmost soul expressed,
Obedient to her lord's behest,
A Song of Songs — a rhapsody —
Such only as may be revealed
To lips a Prophet's lips have "sealed;"
Ev'n as a sugar-maple tree,
Heart-wounded by the ruthless tap,
Pours forth a flood of nectarous sap,
And fills the bucket full — ev'n so
Poured forth the Song of Songs of Snow,

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Which, when the Congregation met,
Was to melodious music set
By him who won the brand-new hat,
The polyhymnian minstrel, Pratt,
And in the Tabernacle sung,
That self-same day, by Brigham Young;
For it (I should have said before)
Was SABBATH on the Salt-Lake shore;
And the great Prophet preached, that day,
As though the Devil were to pay!

IV.

And now, behold, o'er all the Plain,
Each patriarch of the Mormon Land
Leads forth a long connubial train
Of widowed wives, through dust and sand;
His favorite first, and, after her,
Each more degraded follower,
In Indian file; (for thus, they say,
His household makes the most display!)
While children, like a flock of lambs,
Follow the footsteps of their dams.

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He shall fell our foes in fury —
He shall hurl the Devil hence![36]

6.

He who split the Red Sea fountains,
For the Israelites to tread,
He shall heap the Rocky Mountains
On Buchanan's haughty head!

7.

He, who gave the great injunction
To "increase and multiply,"
Will not let an old Defunction
In the walls of Zion lie.

8.

He, who gave the son of David
To embrace a thousand wives,
Will not let a sin-enslavéd
"*Bach*" deprive us of our lives!

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9.

He, who never faced a fair one,
He, who never dared to wed—
He shall never live to scare one
Mormon maiden from her bed.

10.

If he dare to lift his hoary
Head above the Mountain top,
Downward, down to Purgatory,
God shall shake him, like a "prop"!

11.

Should the Mormons all be slumbering,
There is not a *Mormoness*,
But, herself a host outnumbering,
Would stampede him with her dress!

12.

From her *war-hoop*, all in fashion,
Spreading like polygamy,

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Full of fury, love, and passion,
He would tremble, turn, and flee!

13.

He would tremble like a nigger,
Or a dough-face, at the lash,
When our maidens pull the trigger,
And the Mormon muskets flash!

VI.

"Amen!" the Prophet shouted loud
Above the breathless, saintly crowd;
"Glory to God!—Three cheers for Pratt!
Another wife — another hat!
Amen!" he shouted; and, inspired,
His own prophetic cannon fired:—
"I tell ye 't is the voice of God,—[37]
An angel brought it in the night,
An angel of terrific height,
All armed to give the Gentiles fight,—
That on a single Mormon sod
Buchanan's foot shall never light!

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He dare not force Religion here;
He dare not send a single slave;
His chariot would return — a bier,
And Mormonism be his grave.
Buchanan is not UNCLE SAM,
Thank God! and SAM has long ago
Declared he hardly cares a clam,
If mankind worship God, or no.
He binds the *body*, but the *soul*
Brooks not ev'n UNCLE SAM'S control,
But mounts above him through the skies,
In perfect freedom, upward, to
The boundless realms of Paradise,
Exactly as the angels do!
And they who fall in fighting him,
Shall straightway turn to cherubim!
And every Gentile slain shall be
Their slave to all Eternity!

VII.

"I tell ye, by the great Jehovah!
Should old Buchanan interfere

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To touch a single 'SQUATTER' here,
The 'CHIVALRY' would kick him over—
They'd kick him higher than a kite,
And land him in the realms of night;
They'd land him on the tomb of Pierce,
With shouts of joy — instead of tears!
He dare not touch — the toady brave! —
A single Territory, save
To force therein a negro slave!
He knows, full well, which way the cat
Would jump, if he attempted that!
He knows, too, well enough, that we,
Obedient to God's own decree,
Punish the curséd race of Hams,
Whose heads are harder than a ram's,
With whips, and chains, and slavery!
I have him there — one link, at least,
Unites the angel to the beast!" (38)

VIII.

"We are Polygamists — 't is true;
And do *profess* the thing we do!

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We glory in the name, but wed
Before we press the nuptial bed;
While they, the infernal Gentiles, they
Will marry *one*, but keep on pay,
A dozen, in a private way!
And when a young man weds, 't is known,
He never takes *one wife alone;*
But takes *with her*, to serve the while,
A hundred from the 'Emerald Isle'!
So frightful is the thought, 't is said,
That idiots only ever wed!
And *they* repent it long before
The hundredth honey-moon is o'er!
While farther South, in sunnier climes,
Mulatto babes are born betimes,
Outnumbering far the lawful heirs—
A '*yaller*' brood of curly hairs,
Who dare not *name* their *daddy*, though
Their every look declares they *know!*
Ha! ha! the glorious 'Chivalry'
Will not put down Polygamy!

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They will not put it down — and so
Buchanan dare not strike a blow!
Should he attempt it, they would scratch
The eyes out of the bald old Bach!

IX.

"Let him, whose life is wholly free
From sin, first stone Polygamy!
Let him who never yet essayed
To make *one* matron of a maid,
Who all his days has stood aloof
From all except his own behoof,
Whose life has been a perfect blank —
A grindstone wheel, without a crank —
A hook, without an eye — a string,
Without a bow or dart to fling —
A rusty key, without a lock —
A gun, without a breech, or stock —
A rudder lost, without a ship —
A match, without the brimstone tip!
Let him, I say, whose life has been
An unremitting stream of sin

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Against the great commandment, which is[39]
That every Dog shall love the bitches!—
Ungodly beast! to live—to die!
And not 'increase and multiply'!
Ungodly Gentile! God will smite
Thee ere thou touch the mountain height,
Whilst our 'Destroying Angels' fell,
Like trees, thy trembling hosts to Hell!
And every cañon pass shall be
To us a new Thermopylæ!

X.

"Ha! ha! methinks, I see him come!
Methinks, I hear his cannon roar!
The bugle and the noisy drum
Approach, at last, the Salt-Lake shore—
To sink therein, to rise no more!
Thus Pharaoh and his army, drunk
With madness, in the Red Sea sunk!
Buchanan! O! Buchanan, lead
Thy hungry followers here!—Mayhap,
Supplies and Transportation '*pap*,'

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Will be a boon to them, indeed!—
They come! they come!—But who be these
Flying before them, with a flag?
Ha! ha! 'COMMISSIONERS OF PEACE!'(40)
THE END OF GREAT BUCHANAN'S BRAG!—
And now, before we face the foe,
Arise, and sing

The Song of Snow.

1.

GOD is Love; and they, who love Him,
Shall receive the Holy Ghost!
God is Love; and they, who love Him,
Love their fellow-men the most.

2.

God is Love; and they, who love Him,
Love whatever lovely is—
Love the lilies, love the ladies—
Nothing lovely comes amiss!

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3.

God is Love; and he, who loves Him,
Loves the loveliest things he makes;
And, like David, to his bosom[41]
Many a lovely maidén takes!

4.

In his arms of love and mercy,
Takes the lovely, great and small—
Takes the maiden, takes the matron,
Takes the widow—one and all!

5.

Takes and seals and thus exalts them,
In the world-to-come, and this;
Making earth a perfect Eden—
Every hour an age of bliss!

6.

God is Love; and he, who loves Him,
Will not fail to do his best,

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To "increase" and to "replenish,"
And obey the great behest!

7.

God is Love; and he, who loves Him,
Will perpetuate his seed,
And, like Solomon and David,
Be a Morman man, indeed!

8.

He will let no suffering spinster
Languish out a lonely life,
Like the Gentiles; but will love her,
Love, and seal, her for his wife!

9.

God is Love; and they, who love Him,
Shall be victors here below,
And hereafter reign in glory
Over every hateful foe!

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10.

God is Love; and they, who love Him,
They shall carry up with them
All their loveliest things terrestrial
To the New Jerusalem!

11.

Every Mormon man, an angel!
Every wife an angeless!
Every son, and every daughter,
Shall be cherubs — more or less!

12.

And throughout th' unending ages,
While the Gentiles serve as slaves,
They shall love, and reign forever —
Love and reign the Mormon Braves!

13.

Brigham Young shall sit in Glory,[42]
Wives and children round his throne,

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While Buchanan, like a lackey,
Shall attend him — all alone!

XI.

"Amen!" the Prophet cried, and seized
The melting Poetess, and squeezed
Her to his bosom, till, they say,
She sighed and fainted quite away!
While, like a Pandemonium burst,
Responsive to the voice of Young,
The lofty Tabernacle rung —
"Buchanan and his seed be cursed!" (43)
"Enough! the Voice of God decrees!"
The Prophet shouts, "Buchanan flees!
Vengeance is mine; I will repay,
And give him fits, some future day!"

— THE END —

Unless the Lord again inspire
The Mormon king to rise in ire;
Or great Buchanan wed a wife,
And thus perpetuate the strife!

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NOTES.

THE AUTHOR wishes to have it distinctly understood that he is not one of the Mormons, and therefore not responsible for any of their language or sentiments, applied or expressed, in the Poem. He has attempted to keep as near to the truth as possible, and can cite authority for every essential statement made in regard to the "Latter Day Saints." Those, however, who may be curious to examine for themselves, are referred to "MORMONISM, by John Hyde, Jun., formerly a Mormon Elder, and Resident of Salt Lake City," published by W. P. Fetridge & Company, New York, 1857; also to a book entitled "Fifteen Years among the Mormons, being the Narrative of Mrs. Mary Ettie V. Smith, by Nelson Winch Green," published by Charles Scribner, 1858, New York; and to a smaller work, entitled "The Mormons at Home, by Mrs. B. G. Ferries," published in 1856 by Dix & Edwards, New York.

And the rest of the words and acts of Brigham Young, and James Buchanan, and the great Congressmen, and the mighty Warriors, are they not recorded in the books of Samuel — even the books of Uncle Sam?

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(1) C. I., § 2. "*The-City-of-the-Great-Salt-Lake*" was commenced to be built by the Mormons, A. D. 1848, under the leadership of Brigham Young. "On descending the slope of the Wahsatch range, the traveller's eye suddenly embraces the valley in which the city rests. On the west flows the Jordan, which unites Great Salt and Utah Lakes. On the south, for a distance of twenty-five miles, stretches an unbroken plain, intersected by several little streams. On the east and north the mountain-range slopes downward in a series of steps. . . . The houses are mostly constructed of adobé, or unburned bricks; and, with few exceptions, are, like the dwellings in Central America and Mexico, long, low, straggling edifices. They are well thatched and generally comfortable. . . . The most striking feature in Salt Lake City, is the admirable system of internal water-works. It is a miniature Venice. A stream, which originally flowed through the site covered by the city, has been diverted into a number of channels running through each street. Every resident has a never-failing supply of good water at his own door, and is enabled to raise trees and flowers, which, in that climate, never could be grown without this artificial irrigation." — [Harper's Weekly, May 15, 1858.]

(2) C. I., § 3. *When "sealed" to him, a thousand brides.* "*Sealed*," be it known to all Gentiles, is nothing more nor less than *wedded*. The word "*sealed*," however, has a broader signification than *wedded*, the former being commonly *plural*, the latter always *singular*.

(3) C. I., § 4. *And "resurrect" them when at last.* "If a woman's husband is dead, she need not be sealed again, unless she chooses; and when she does marry again, she is sealed only for time, as, when she dies, her first husband will '*resurrect*,' i. e., save her, and she will be his in the next world." — [Fifteen Years among the Mormons, p. 154.]

(4) C. I., § 5. *The man may never answer "No!"* "Among the Mormons the act of 'making love,' as it is termed, is not confined to the male portion of the Church, but every unmarried woman has the same right, and she is expected to exercise it with the same freedom as the opposite sex, with this difference: that while the female is at liberty to decline an offer of marriage made by a man, he is not at liberty to decline an offer coming from a woman . . . except it may be the single exception, which no Mormon of spirit would be likely to plead in bar of matrimony, viz.: that he has already more wives than he can support." — ["Fifteen Years among the Mormons," p. 89.] "Great numbers have pestered Brigham so much to marry them, that he has been forced to declare, 'My family is large enough, and I do not want to take any more.'" — [Hyde's Mormonism, p. 161.]

(5) C. I., § 6. *The "Lion of the Lord" he stood.* Brigham delighteth to be called the "Lion of the Lord." — [Vide idem, p. 34.]

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(6) C. I., § 6. *For when the Revelator, Jo*, i. e., Joseph Smith, the Prophet, and Founder of Mormonism, "who claimed to work miracles, and to have found an addition to the Bible, engraved on golden plates, which he published under the name of the *Book of* Mormon."

(7) C. I., § 6. *"Destroying Angels," swift to kill,*
Performed the Prophet's secret will.

The "Danites," or "Destroying Angels," "are set apart for secret assassinations and such other acts as have no foundation in right but the Prophet's will and order." — [Fifteen Years among the Mormons, p. 343, *et passim.*]

(8) C. I., § 7. *And when the holy hymns of Pratt,*
Or more celestial songs of Snow.

Eliza R. Snow, the Mormon poetess, "who," according to Mrs. Ferries, "belongs to Brigham's harem," is "a very talented woman, but outrageously bigoted." — [Hyde's Mormonism, p. 128.] "Parley P. Pratt, something of a poet, something of a preacher, very much of a panderer, and a bad man." — [Idem, p. 135.]

(9) C. I., § 7. *Were sealed to be his "spirit" spouses.* "A female cannot be saved without being sealed to some male who is a priest. Hence all true Mormons are priests, and women do not really amount to much in themselves, as they have no souls of their own. Hence women are often sealed, that is, married, to men, when they do not intend to live with them as an earthly wife, but merely that they may be saved by them; in that case they are 'sealed' for eternity, as it is termed." — [Fifteen Years among the Mormons, p. 154.]

(10) C. I., § 8. *A mingled mess, and deemed by us*
In Gentile lands incestuous.

Such unions are tolerated, beyond a doubt, among the Mormons. — [Vide Hyde's Mormonism, Chap. III.]

(11) C. II., § 1. *An Army and a Drummond light.* Judge Drummond left Utah, as described, in May, 1856. "As before remarked, Brigham was ordained a *King* in their temple; and the people in their hearts reverence him as such. As to the means they adopt to begin their kingdom, they have private courts of their own, in which they try their own criminals. A United States appointed judge makes his charge to a Grand Jury, and they are dismissed to their room. The foreman has been previously instructed by the Church, and he directs the judgments and controls the consciences of his fellow-jurymen. Bills of indictment are found or cast out as he directs; and *he* directs as advised by the Church." — [Hyde's Mormonism, p. 177.]

(12) C. II., § 3. *Baptized beneath the Salt-Sea waves.* "Its water produces immediate strangulation, excessive smarting in the eyes, nostrils, and ears, and on coming out converts even negroes into *crystallised white men.*" — [Idem, p. 31.]

(13) C. II., § 3. *Go forth in squads to capture squaws.* "This has now become the settled policy of the Church, pursued not only in that, but among all the Indian tribes within the reach of Mormon influence" — i. e., "the marriage of the Indian women by the Mormon men sent to preach among them." — [Idem, p. 316.]

(14) C. II., § 4. *To where Columbus holds a world.* This famous group of Mr. Columbus and his Squaw, stands at the top of the steps, on the left hand, as you enter the Capitol from the east.

(15) C. II., § 8. *"Admit, I say, Lecompton; and, sirs,*
I'll draw my army out of Kansas."

"Besides, and no trifling consideration, I shall then be enabled to withdraw the troops from Kansas, and employ them on a service where they are much needed," i. e., in Utah. — [Vide President's Message, April 2, 1858.]

(16) C. II., § 9. *How many of Buchanan's daughters.* The President, it must be remembered, is a *bachelor*, and hence the atrocity of the joke. No wonder that his particular friends resented the imputation. Some subjects are too serious even to admit of a joke.

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(17) C. II., § 14. *Till several thousand miles asunder.* There have been so many duels, of a similar nature, in Congress, within a few years, that the Author leaves the public to apply the description *ad libitum.* It is gratifying to philanthropists, however, to know that the "code of honor" is yearly becoming less sanguinary; and if our great men *must* fight, the farther they are apart the better, at least for them, if *not* for their country.

(18) C. II., § 17. *"Go home! you Black Republican pup!"*
He growled, "or, gods! I'll eat you up!"

"Mr. Keitt (taking Mr. Grow by the throat) said, 'I will let you know that you are a d—d Black Republican puppy.' Mr. Grow knocked up his hand, saying, 'I shall occupy such place in this hall as I please, and no nigger driver shall crack his whip over me.' Mr. Keitt then again grabbed Mr. Grow by the throat, and Mr. Grow knocked his hand off, and Mr. Keitt coming at him again, Mr. Grow knocked him down. The fight took place at twenty minutes to two o'clock." — [Harper's Weekly.]

(19) C. II., § 18. *Till Buck himself (if so it suits*
The Prophet) black the Prophet's boots.

This facetious threat of the Mormon delegate is said to have been actually made by Brigham. Similar language is found imputed to him in many places in the books already quoted.

(20) C. III., § 2. *I spects dat army can't come in.*

The arguments and opposition, raised against the Mormon war, are too fresh in the minds of the public to require a note. Pompey gives the gist of all.

(21) C. IV., § 14. *Old Hickory Jackson towers on high.* This is the famous equestrian statue of Jackson, by Clark Mills, in the park, not far from the White House.

(22) C. V., § 1. *The "Court House" and the "Chimney" Rocks.* These rocks are situated near the North Fork in Nebraska Territory. "Court House Rock is an immense pile of reddish sandstone, which, standing alone upon the plain, appears like a gigantic ruin. . . . Soon after, the equally celebrated Chimney Rock made its appearance like an obelisk, towering its solitary shaft to the sky." — [The Mormons at Home, p. 58.]

(23) C. V., § 1. *Over barren wastes and ghostly plains*
Of saleratus.

"Among the peculiarities of the region which attracted our attention, were white alkaline efflorescences, in different places, as though flour had been scattered upon the ground. Occasionally the incrustations were of sufficient thickness to gather it up in pieces, and it is collected for use as saleratus." — [Idem, p. 71.]

(24) C. V., § 1. *Would lift him up by might and main,*
That they might knock him down again.

This is said to be a fact.

(25) C. V., § 1. *"Independence Rock."* This is another huge rock on the banks of the Sweet-Water. "It is cracked, seamed, and fissured in every possible way, and, in fact, may be described as a collection of enormous granite bowlders. But O, the names written upon its massy sides! If every body does not secure immortality, there is no enduring virtue in tar, or granite." — [Idem, p. 72.]

(26) C. V., § 1. *"The 'Devil's Gate'* is a deep, narrow cut, directly through the rocks, and through which the Sweet-Water surges with great violence. . . . This deep cut cuts off the south end of a high rocky range, called the Rattlesnake Mountains." — [Idem, p. 73.]

(27) C. V., § 1. *"The Gateway of the Mountains."* This is the celebrated South Pass, 7189 feet above the level of the sea, and was the route taken by Fremont in 1842.

(28) C. V., § 11. *Which, if the Prophet's faith be right,*
May reach them any day or night.

"I [illegible]e, however, in a general way, that all 'Gentiles' are to be in the

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next world servants of the 'Saints;' and that the second coming of Christ is soon expected, and is in fact now waited for; and then that Christ will reign upon the earth a thousand years, and then Mormons will 'possess the earth,' and all the Gentiles living at that second coming will give up their property to the Church, and serve the Saints in whatever menial capacity the latter may direct." —[Fifteen Years among the Mormons, p. 157. See also Hyde's Mormonism, Chap. VII.]

(29) C. V., § 6. *"A temporary substitute!"* "As a man's family constitutes his glory, to go on a mission for several years, leaving from two to a dozen wives at home, necessarily causes some loss of family, and consequently, according to Mormon notions, much sacrifice of salvation. This difficulty is, however, obviated by the appointment of an agent or proxy, who shall stand to themward in the husband's stead. . . . They argue that the old Mosaic law of a 'brother raising up seed to his dead brother' is now in force; and as death is only a temporary absence, so they contend a temporary absence is equivalent to death."—[Hyde's Mormonism, p. 87.]

(30) C. V., § 7. *For man by marrying only can.* "To be married to such a man," (i. e., a perfect Mormon,) "it is taught to these confiding neophytes, is to 'secure eternal salvation with a high degree of glory.' They have been previously made to believe that woman cannot obtain any kind of salvation but through the man. 'Eve led Adam out of Eden, and he must lead her back again'!"—[Idem, p. 71.]

(31) C. V., § 7. *To one who can't apostatize.* [Vide note (30), also page 155, Fifteen Years among the Mormons.]

(32) C. V., § 7. *The murmurings of an unknown tongue.* Among other gifts the "Latter Day Saints" have that of *"unknown tongues"!* "She finally broke forth into an unknown tongue, and, as near as I can recollect, these were the words: '*Eli, ele, elo, ela*—*come, coma, como*—*reli, rele, rela, relo*—*sela, selo, sele, selum.*' This gibberish was repeated over two or three times."—[The Mormons at Home, p. 202.] "Dr. Sprague was then moved by the spirit to bless the patient in an unknown tongue, pronouncing, in a blatant tone, words something like these: '*Yavi, vava, vavam*—*sere, seri, sera, serum.*' The same sister, who had already acted as interpreter, gave the meaning to these oracular utterances."—[Idem, p. 203. Also Hyde's Mormonism, p. 138.]

(33) C. V., § 10. *Until the mountain barriers split*
And waved the waters out of it!

Great Salt Lake "is now about 70 miles long, from north to south, and 30 miles wide, from east to west. It once filled, and most probably formed, the entire 'Great Basin,' as it is termed, extending 500 miles, from north to south, and 350 miles from east to west, hemmed in by the Sierra Madre mountains on the east, and the Goose Creek and Humboldt ranges on the west. It has shrunk away to its present dimensions, and is the immense reservoir into which all the streams and rivers of the 'Basin' pour their melted snows. It has no visible outlet."—[Hyde's Mormonism, pp. 30, 31.]

(34) C. VI., § 1. *The concubines of Brigham Young.* "Brigham has not only these discarded" (i. e., *effete*) "wives and those with whom he lives, but also the widows of Smith; besides many spiritual wives, (temporarily married to other husbands,) and likewise many women to whom he has been 'sealed' as agent or proxy for some dead brother. Counting all these, he has a very large number. Out of this number, there are only, I believe, about twenty-five with whom he lives. This, I think, includes the whole, but of this it is impossible to speak decisively."—[Idem, p. 157.]

(35) C. VI., § 2. *While every painted "bench" and cliff.* "For several hundred feet above our heads, there are long, level lines of ridges which are deeply and evenly indented on the mountains, as far as our sight can reach. . . . These are called '*benches*:' they extend throughout the entire range of valleys, are plainly visible, exactly level, and are the ancient shores of the Great Salt Lake." These "benches" and cliffs are many-colored, and exceedingly beautiful to behold.—[Idem, p. 30.]

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(36) C. VI., p. 83. ***He shall hurl the Devil hence.*** Brigham Young, in a characteristic discourse delivered on the 7th of February, said, "I am determined, in the name of Israel's God, to see the devil whipped from the earth, and outgeneralled and fooled in all his schemes, and whirled about by this Church until he is glad to leave the earth and go to his own place, and then we will see whether or no the Lord God has all things that belong to him."—[Harper's Weekly, May 22, 1858.]

(37) C. VI., § 6. ***I tell ye, 't is the voice of God.*** "Under the force of his prophetic afflatus, he talks, till on reviewing his remarks, he has to say, 'Well, well, words are only wind.' . . . The magnetism that attracts and infatuates, that makes men feel its weight and yet love its presence, abounds in him. . . . It is thus also in his public orations; he soon winds a thrall round his hearers. Bad jokes, low ribaldry, meaningless nonsense, and pompous [illegible] that would disgust when coming from any one else, amuse and interest from him. I have seen him bring an audience to their feet and draw out thundering responses more than once. His manner is pleasing and unaffected; his matter perfectly impromptu and unstudied. He does not *preach*, but merely *talks*. His voice is strong and sonorous, and he is an excellent bass singer. . . . a good mimic, and readily excites laughter. . . . Brigham has no education. He never writes his letters—merely dictates them."—[Hyde's Mormonism, pp. 154, 155.]

(38) C. VI., § 7. ***One link, at least,***
Unites the angel to the beast.

The Mormons are slaveholders, and "believe that the mark put on Cain by God was a black skin; that he and his descendants, the negroes, are peculiarly and especially cursed; that in fact they cannot be saved in the 'celestial kingdom.'"—[Idem, p. 287.]

(39) C. VI., § 9. ***Against the great commandment, which is***— The language used by the Prophet here, is certainly far from being elegant, but it certainly *is* Mormonian. "What the brutalizing effects of such marriages are on men's minds, can easily be conceived. With small houses and several wives, more than one often sleeping in each apartment, men must soon lose all decency or self-respect, and degenerate into gross and disgusting animals. . . . Indeed, so evident are the effects, that Heber C. Kimball does not scruple to speak of his wives, on a Sabbath, in the Tabernacle, and before an audience of over two thousand persons, as '*my cows*'! This he has done on more than one occasion, and the people laughed at him as at 'a fellow of infinite jest'!"—[Idem, p. 57.]

(40) C. VI., § 10. "***Ha! ha! Commissioners of Peace—***
The end of great Buchanan's brag!"

Whether these words of the Prophet shall prove to be true or not, remains to be seen. If true, the epic is properly ended here.

(41) C. VI., p. 92. ***And like David to his bosom.*** "David's practising polygamy, while being a man after God's own heart, is another powerful Mormon argument in favor of polygamy."—[Hyde's Mormonism, p. 289.]

(42) C. VI., p. 94. ***Wives and children round his throne.*** "Children are only desired as a means of increasing glory in the next world; for they believe that every man will reign over his children, who will constitute his '*kingdom*;' and, therefore, the more *children*, the more *glory!* Said Brigham, September 20th, 1856, speaking on this subject, "It is the duty of every righteous man and every woman to prepare tabernacles for all the spirits they can; hence, if my women leave, I will go and search up others who will abide the celestial law, and let all I now have go where they please; though I will send the gospel to them."—[Idem, p. 54. Vide also note (28).]

(43) C. VI., § 11. "***Buchanan and his seed be cursed!***" The Prophet is reported to have ended one of his inspired harangues by putting to his congregation the following vote: "All those who are for giving the Gentiles *Hell*, say *I!*" And the vote was unanimously carried.

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